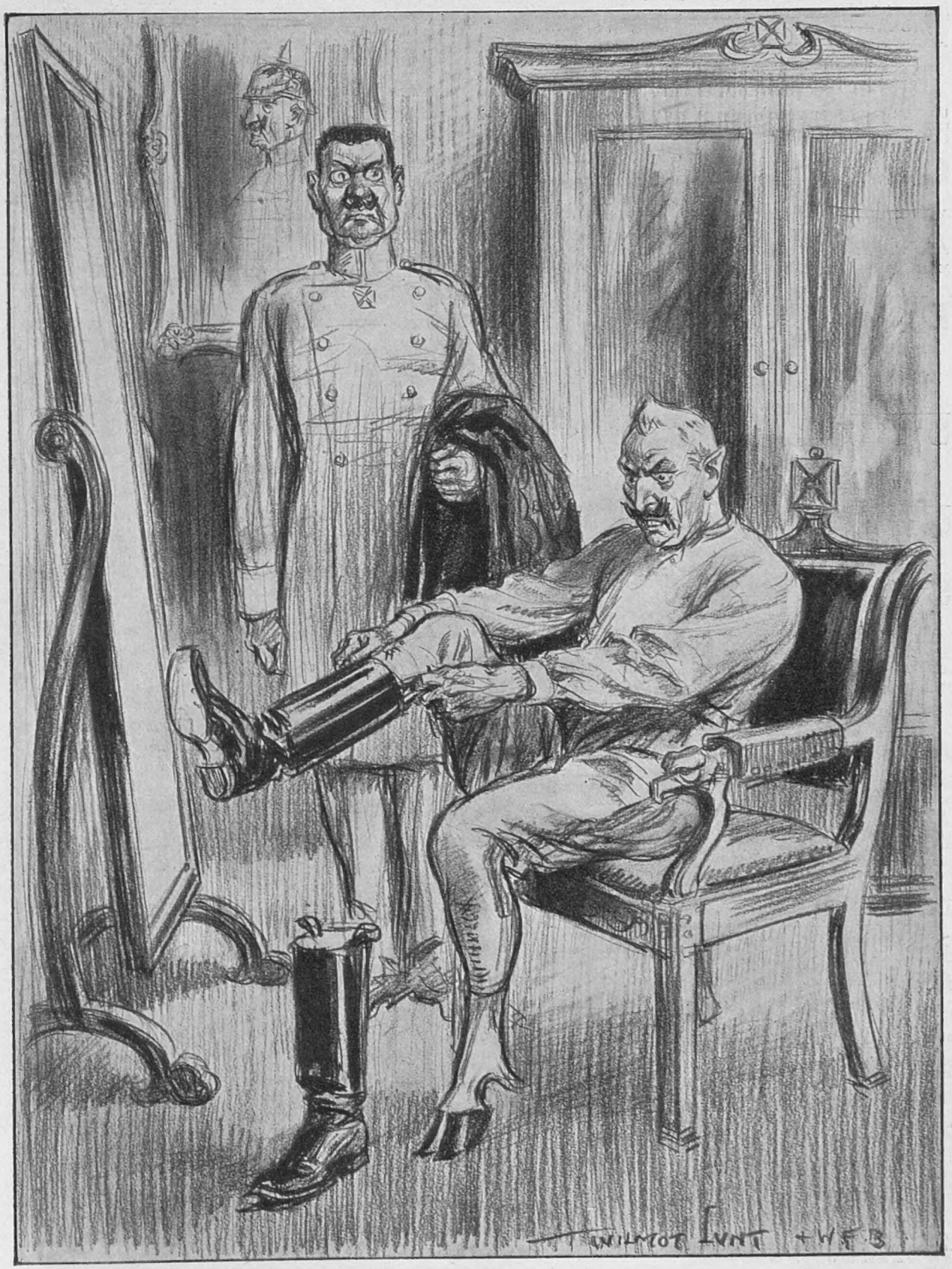
The Bystander, March 20, 1918.—No. 746. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER



CAMOUFLAGE

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Our Camouflage Number

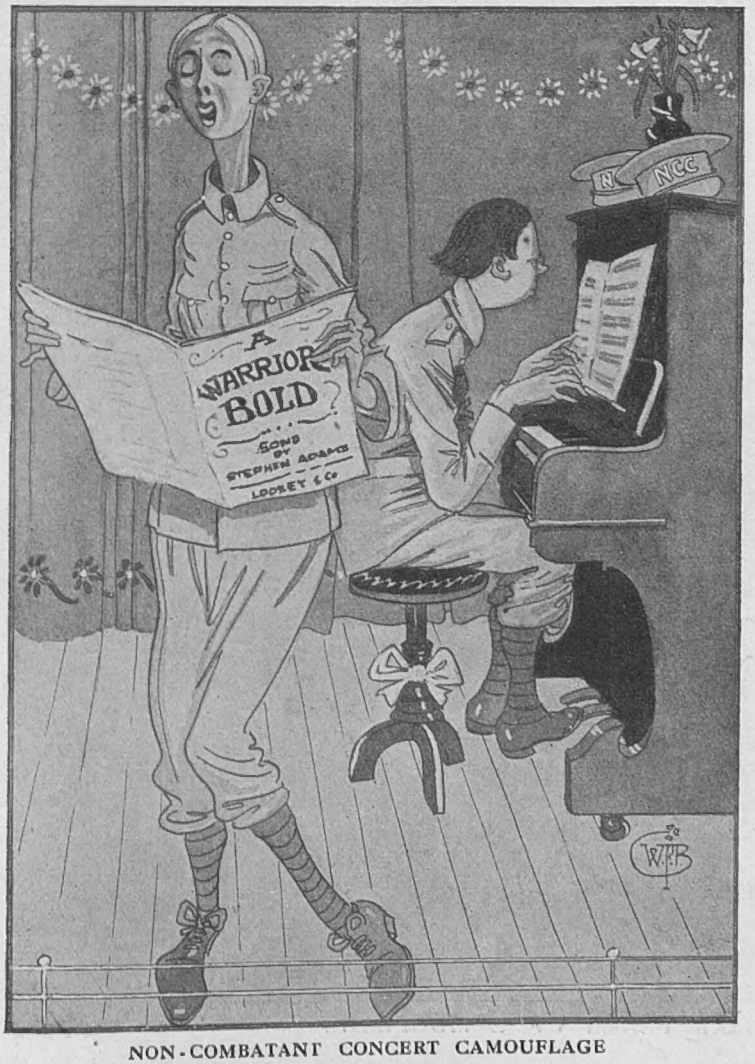
ALONG with "Blighty," "tray-bong," "na-poo," and other additions to the language, which must make the editors of the New English Dictionary wish they had never been born, "camouflage" is taking a high and popular place. The ideas connected with it have lately become such an obsession with our artists that we have decided to let them all loose in a special "Camouflage" number—and then to give the thing a rest! Here it is.

"Nothing New . . ."

CAMOUFLAGE is no new thing. It was Gilbert—and how his lambent and paradoxical raillery would have revelled in its possibilities!—who wrote in the immortal "Pinafore"

> Things are seldom what they seem;
> Skim milk masquerades as cream;
> High-lows pass for patent-leather,
> Jackdaws strut in peacocks' feathers—
> Very true!
> So they do!

Camouflage in war has its counterpart in camouflage in politics; and, to come nearer home, our very food is camouflaged. And, of course, the supreme and most successful instance of camouflage is the Hidden Hand.



NON-COMBATANT CONCERT CAMOUFLAGE

"In Paris by April 1"

LESS than a fortnight now remains for Hindenburg to make good his boast that he would be in Paris by April 1. The massing of 200 divisions at the back of the Hindenburg line, the tales of Teutonic super-tanks and gargantuan Gothas, may or may not indicate that he intends to make the attempt, though none of these is so powerful a reason for expecting him to do so as the renewed flood of peace-talk at Berlin. Perhaps, however, it was only a little bit of camouflage on Hindenburg's part, and he meant Petrograd, not Paris.

For Three Years—and the Duration

EXACTLY three years ago, in THE BYSTANDER of March 31, 1915, appeared the first of the now world-famous Bairnsfather drawings. "Where Did that One Go?" was the forerunner of a series of pictures which have made the artist's name far more than a household word, and given the key to the character of the British fighting man in the Great War. To the armies and to the workers at home alike they have provided a badly-needed cheerfulness: to THE BYSTANDER they have given the infinite satisfaction of having been the medium through which they have weekly reached the world. To the artist they have brought both fortune and fame. Of the latter perhaps the quaintest manifestation is that his name should have been made the subject of an acrostic in last Saturday's *Daily Telegraph*.

Shut Up the House

IF Parliament cannot be less futile than it has been during the past week the sooner it is shut down "for the duration" the better. Alternatively, why should it not meet three or four times a month *only*—for purely national business? Irrelevancy may have its charm in peace, but it is a mere mockery of anguish while brave men die. The present House was elected more than seven years ago and it is only charitable to conclude that our political antediluvians fail to realise how distasteful to us are their prehistoric antics. The one and only war event of the week in the House was the presentation of the first batch of 100,000 and more petition signatures for conscription in Ireland, and the presentation, as officially recorded, was received with "'hear, hear!' and laughter!" Nothing could more aptly sum up the fatuity of the House.

(Continued on page 592)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Politics in Full Swing

MEANTIME, in the public interest, the veil should be lifted, and the sinister activities of the "bosses" and the party hacks in the country should be exposed. I am told that there is more speeding-up of the organisations, both Unionist and Liberal, than even in the turbulent times immediately preceding hostilities in 1914. Agents are careering through the country, central and even ward committees are being summoned, candidates are being chosen, conflicting policies are being weighed to suit local interests—in a word, the party game is being played by the party politicians at its highest—or may I say *lowest?*

The Old Kind of Candidate

AND these wasters have learnt nothing. They are producing the old kind of candidate—the man who wants to round off his career with a run in Parliament, for which he is willing to pay. The barrister is still very much with them, looking to the House as a stepping-stone to advancement. A few young soldiers, just to give a khaki colouring, and there you have the hotchpot. Mr. Bonar Law is still our "great leader" for the Unionists and "Wait and See" is the master spell-binder for their ancient opponents. And both look grimly sideways at Mr. Lloyd George, who has no organisation and no party, and wonder what he has in store for him.

The Georgian Mystery

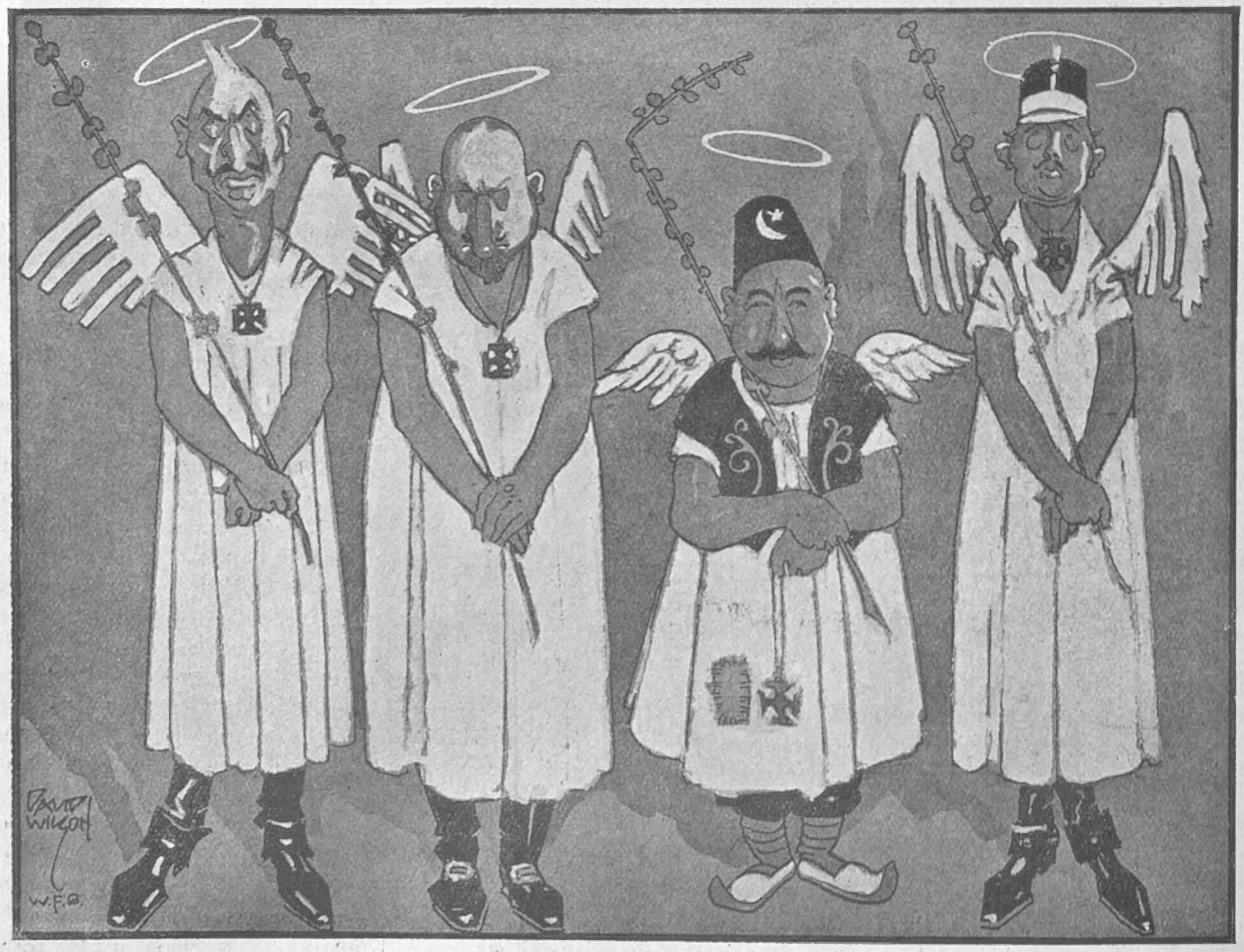
AND what will Mr. George do? Will he be strong enough in health to play a dominating part? In the war he is not sparing himself, but it will be monstrous if, in addition to war burdens, he is called on to fight an election. I should fancy that if he merely issued a manifesto he would knock over all the ninepins that strut in the path at present. And his attitude to the National Party, which, I am warned, is becoming really strong and may be counted on for a little army of candidates, should be a matter of supreme interest. And one must not forget the patriotic Labour men under the British Workers' League.

Another Tank Mystery

WHEN the tanks first took the field there was some controversy as to their rightful inventor. Now that the tanks have played so striking a part in loan collecting all sorts of people are getting the credit for this useful innovation. The only name that has not been mentioned is that of the man entitled. Not only was the idea his, but he fought for it, and carried out the scheme. This is not the way in which to encourage clever business men to put their best brains at the service of their country.

A Ludicrous Popular Error

THE Air Ministry is justifiably annoyed. People keep on writing to it every day on the subject of the defence of London against the Gothas. Just the ignorant sort of thing that people *would* do, having learnt nothing of the proper way to conduct the war. Fancy any sane person thinking that the Air Ministry would have anything whatever to do with defence against attacks by air! Why, they might as well



A PECULIAR PEACE OF CAMOUFLAGE

A Rap Over the Knuckles

(FRENCH—"CAMOUFLET")

FRITZ *(from somebody else's window—as usual)*: "Now then! *You're* not wanted. The gentleman prefers to be quite alone with *me*"

JAPANESE CONSTABLE: "In my country we do not obey orders of burglarious nocturnal intruder. I prefer, please, to await personal verdict and kind invitation of honourable landlord"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

write to the Admiralty with suggestions as to the increase of shipping or the menace of the U-boat! The Air Ministry very wisely points out that the proper place to write to is G.H.Q., Home Forces, Whitehall; and no doubt Viscount French will be extremely obliged to it for diverting the stream of correspondence to him.

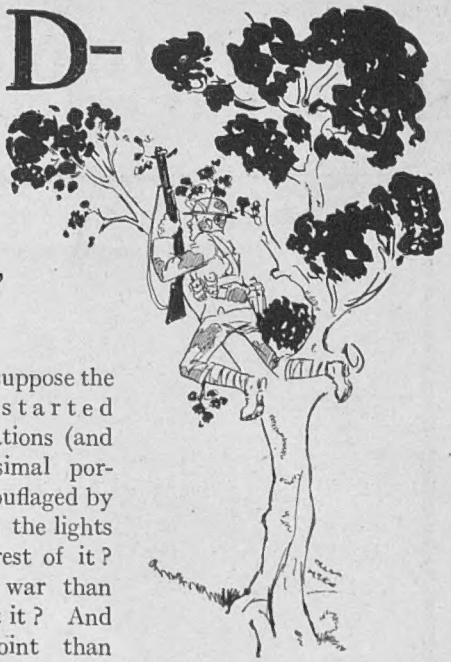
A Problem Picture

ONE more little camouflage item. In THE BYSTANDER of February 27 last we published a double-page picture to which the artist gave the title of "The Patriot." Quite a flood of correspondence has poured in upon us asking for information as to what, exactly, the artist intended to convey by his drawing. This reminds us of the good old days before the war, when Mr. John Collier's "problem pictures" at the R.A. used to be the subject of such frenzied discussion. Most of our correspondents say that the picture is open to several interpretations, but none says what he himself imagines it to mean. This would be interesting to know; and we therefore invite our correspondents to write again and give us their own ideas on the point. We do not offer any prize for the best solution; nor do we reserve our right to decide that "the answer is a lemon!"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE



CAMOUFLAGE

Painted with blobs of brown and green,
That not a sign of him be seen,
In France the sniper tries to be
Much of a muchness with his tree

LONDON, *March* 18, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

COME to think of it, life's really one long camouflage, isn't it?—'specially for women who are, as I think Joseph Conrad has put it, in the world, as at present organised, "the suspected half of the population."

卐 卐

A WOMAN, avers that philosopher, "may be called sincere when she volunteers a statement resembling remotely in form what she would really like to say, what she really thinks ought to be said if it were not for the necessity to spare the stupid sensitiveness of men. . . . For women perfect frankness is impossible, because so much of their safety depends on judicious reticence."

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EVE was the first *camouflageuse*—and we have kept it up. Women are rank conservatives. Take powder alone. After all, why powder? For most Englishwomen's complexions are beautiful. On the other hand, why not? And, in any case, one does, doesn't one? It's perhaps a relic of the days when women went veiled. Something between them and the clearer eyes of man they *must* have. Besides, mystery is ever a spur to the childlike heart of man.

And here, in England—now, a dance
Will no *bon vivant's* joys enhance;
Camouflage turns champagne and quail
To sandwiches and—ginger-ale!

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ALSO, these are civilised days (alleged). So camouflage between a world growing old and wise and respectable and woman, the for ever uncivilised, is more and more indispensable. To show ourselves as we really are—bundles of emotions, forces of nature, animals unalloyed, pagans *pures et simples*, primitive, passionate, without sense of proportion. . . . One owes something to the proprieties! Camouflage is woman's chiefest weapon against the world. And, being seldom overburdened with any silly old scruples, she does not hesitate to use it.

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FOR myself, I really don't see how the world, as it is, could go on turning, d'you, without camouflage? Suppose we took out to dinner, for instance, without the camouflage of a pretty frock and a smiling face, the aching hearts of these war-days? What a dismal dinner! And you, what an unwelcome guest! And suppose the restaurants started serving our rations (and their infinitesimal portions) uncamouflaged by the band and the lights and all the rest of it? Be a worse war than ever, wouldn't it? And give more point than ever to the little tale of the child asked by another one: "Did you ever dream of being in Heaven?" "No, not exactly," was the reply, "but I dreamt once that I was right in the middle of a big apple dumpling."

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AND what, too, of the on-leavers, were there no camouflage dances? For a camouflage dance, you know, is just exactly like all other dances, only, for camouflage, there's a gramophone instead of a band, and sandwiches instead of quail, and you wear, if possible, a "simple" frock, for you never quite know if someone almost straight from the trenches won't arrive, and to be clasped close to Flanders mud in white tulle or rose-pink *ninon* is—well, in any case, rather nice, of course, really.

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I RATHER guess, too, there'll be some camouflaging wanted when we burst this week suddenly into summer time, what? Getting up at seven instead of eight, if that there *orful* nor'-easter that blew the Ides of March in hasn't by then gone back wherever the horrid old thing belongs, will take some camouflaging, if not of red noses probably of tempers. And talking of camouflage, it's an ill-wind that, etc. I'm told there's *never* been such a trade in saucy wraps, *negligées*, boudoir caps, and similar camouflage as since those old Gothas started in.

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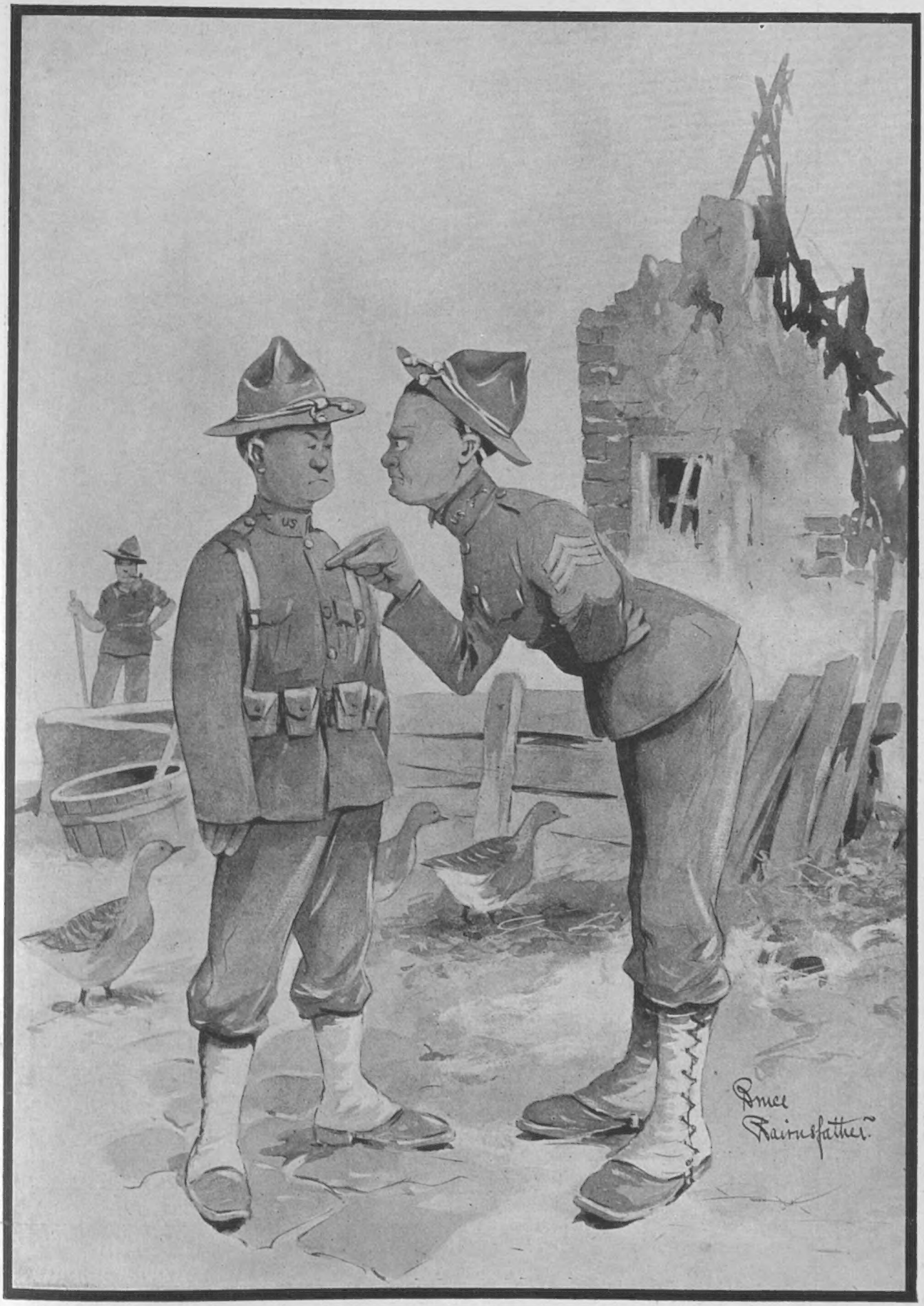
HOTEL corridors, in the twinkling of an eye, or rather to the murmur of the mild maroon, present a Baghdadish, not to say haremic or Arabian Nights appearance. And if only the dear on-leavers

(*Continued on page 596*)

NEW SERIES.

Bairnsfather with the American Army



PASSED BY CENSOR

"I know we're fightin' for Democracy, but next time the Colonel comes around, salute, you —— son of a ——!"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

weren't so prone to sleeping through the Hun-in-the-Heavens performance—well, we might get fixed up even more of those lightning war-weddings than we have already.

卐 卐

APROPOS, I suppose the constant spectacle of earthly bliss *is* somewhat nauseating. The reflection arises after lending the light of my countenance to some half-dozen or so war-weddings. The *pace* the *padres* run 'em off at! Ten minutes seems to be almost the ultimate time limit, and with practice making the parsons more and more perfect, heaven knows how fast the running'll be before the war is over.

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WITH the exception of the bridegroom—who, however much of a hustler in the old days, has by now learned, in the Army, how much more lordlier is leisure—everyone seems mad to get it over, for leave, you see, is an uncertain quantity, and life, of course, is short. The parson is, as aforesaid, fairly fed-up with war-weddings, and feels an outsider, anyway. The guests have an air of having been done out of something, somehow—I wonder *why* people always think *your* wedding is *their* chance of a beano? And the bride—oh, well! women, of course, are nothing if not sensible these days, are they? It's the bride these days who mostly buys the ring and the licence and books the rooms for the honeymoon.

Officially we're asked, next week,
Fine days of summer-time to seek;
But camouflage, I shouldn't wonder,
Will see to it we're all snowed under!

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A LETTER from one of the Australians, enclosing their new trench magazine, is something of an eye-opener to me in the way of language. "I don't know," writes a "Cornstalk," "whether you are some *bon* girl or an ancient, bald-pated, frolicsome old gent; but here's a word of greeting from a Cornstalk, together with other Cornstalks, Gum-suckers, Diggers, Sand-gropers, Bananalanders, and a few Croweaters. Your letters are quite a special part, anyway, whether you wear a top-hat or the latest in Paris fashions.

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"WITH this I'm sending you the dinkum oil in the shape of our local rag called *Aussie*. The name's no *bon*, anyway—it sounds too much like a pet poodle's. But it's short for that dinkum homeland of ours, so please take it as it comes, chew it up, and give us your candid judgment. And carry on with your letters. When the mail doesn't come we pick up THE BYSTANDER and console ourselves with your latest. It's pretty cold here now. However, the North Pole must be a lot colder."

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Aussie's one of the cheeriest of trench productions, though its type leaves something to be desired. *What* eyesight the Cornstalks, Gumsuckers, Diggers, etc., *must* be blessed with, by gosh! "On Paris Leave" is apropos:—

"THE DAG (*impressed by the amount of make-up on girl's face*): 'Cripes, Digger, your girl is well camouflaged!'"

卐 卐

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, too, and ever so many thanks for *The Buzzer*, which is Signals' journal; for *Barrak*, the Imperial Camel Corps' review, which comes to me out of the East; as does also the *Middlesex Yeomanry Magazine*, from which I learn of an incident most worthy of commemoration. I refer to the abolition of the "fatigue" and the introduction of the "working party!"

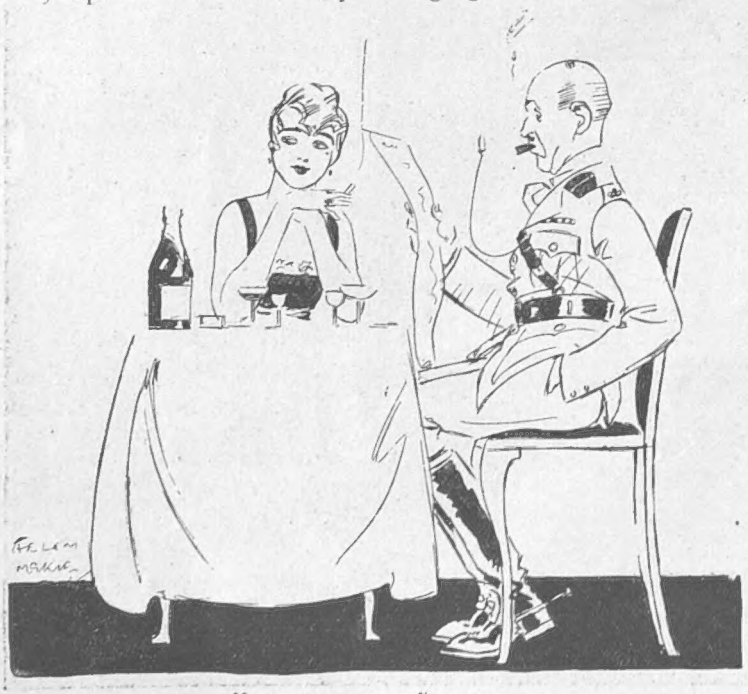
卐 卐

AS to this camouflage idea, of course the worst camouflager of all these war days, is Mother Earth herself. To kill, and to kill, and yet again to kill, is the password of the nations. And is the world dressed *en suite*? Not a bit of it! Instead she has decked herself in the gay and gaudy garments of spring. There is song in the air, sunshine on the fields, colour pale and faint, but promising all things. Death is everywhere, but so is spring, the one to conquer, but the other to comfort.

卐 卐

NO, we couldn't do without camouflage. But let us beware of too much of it. After all, war *is* war, and we might perhaps remember just a little more often the Prime Minister's request: "Do not let us leave *too* much upon the shoulders of our men in the trenches and on the seas."

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE



If at a restaurant we dine,
For old uncouponed meals we pine:
One thing alone is genuine still—
NO camouflage about the bill!

These Heavenly Phenomena

"Too dark for them to-night, officer, don't you think?"
"Well, yes, sir; unless that Ora pro Nobis business comes out again!"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

CAMOUFLAGE

My Dear Bystander—

While war brings to the surface all the worst passions of our nature and regenerates the old Adam in us to a degree contemporaneous with the rude era of the mastodon, the stegosaurus rostratus, and such like over-grown mammalia, yet by a merciful dispensation of Providence one small ray of light has been vouchsafed to penetrate the gloom.

⁂ ⁂

Just as misfortune is the test of true friendship, so is war the infallible proof of the sterling worth of man.

Who is there who has not before his eyes the vision of some idle, dissipated youth of earlier days—a lad addicted to claret-coloured socks and peroxide histrionic divinities—for whom a sticky end in the lumber woods of British Columbia, or even the mournful confinement of Wormwood Scrubs was fondly foretold, who to-day may be recognised in the penny pictorials descending the steps of the Palace, the modest recipient of honours acquired by such titanic feats as were once the especial prerogative of the more energetic of the Grecian heroes?

⁂ ⁂

Acting on the well-known principle of the one sinner who repenteth, loud and long did the joy-bells of the old Breton village of Pouilly-la-Cucelle send forth their happy peals across hill and dale, for Justin Fremeaux, the black sheep of the district, in a fine burst of patriotic fervour, had finished up his peroration by dashing his cap to the ground and announcing, in a voice that might have been heard from Dan even to Beersheba, that he had that day rallied to the flag.

⁂ ⁂

It would be impossible to depict the blank astonishment that seized the brave inhabitants of Pouilly at this terrific announcement. Justin Fremeaux, the good-for-nothing loafer and blackleg of the village, a volunteer for the army! And nearly sixty years of age! It was too ridiculous!

⁂ ⁂

Everywhere you heard the people say, "*Il est devenu fou, ce misérable!*" They would have refused to believe it had not the local military authority come forward and given public confirmation.

⁂ ⁂

For nigh on fifty-eight years, Justin Fremeaux had eaten the bread of idleness in his native village, resting his large frame and acquiring a store of philosophic attributes that would have rendered him an invaluable partner to the inimitable Bob Pretty.

Not a hen-owner in the village but, at one time or another, had burst into a passionate storm of weeping on beholding by the grey light of dawn the remarkable metamorphosis in his feathered *personnel* which a few short hours of darkness had brought about.

⁂ ⁂

Not a man in the village but ready and able to recount some damning anecdote to illustrate the complete lack of confidence experienced by Pouilly-la-Cucelle as a whole; and as for the *garde champêtre*, a pear-shaped man, rich in little red corpuscles, Justin Fremeaux represented the only dark spot in a life of one long comatose repose. Even M. le Curé wagged his head significantly when speaking of Justin.

⁂ ⁂

But public opinion had never seemed to worry Justin. You could see him any day you passed the Café de l'Indépendance, smoking a quiet pipe and musing over the folly of working for a living. It is true that of late a change was seen to be coming over him. He appeared discontented and morose, and his pipe lay neglected on the table. It was clear there was something very wrong.

Then like a bombshell came the news of his enlistment!

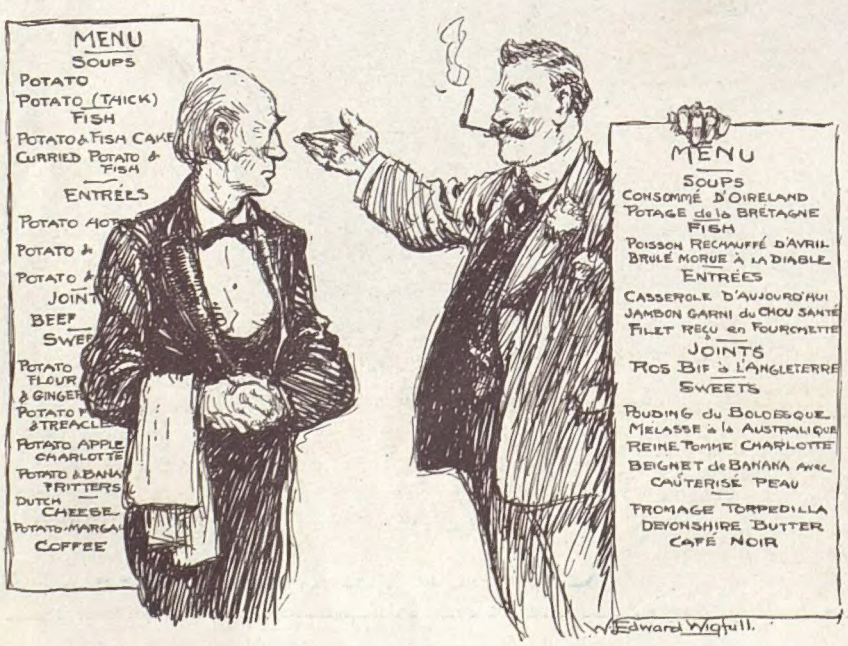
⁂ ⁂

Those of a romantic turn of mind talked vaguely of a woman's influence. Others, more blatant, hinted darkly at the German Secret Service, but the opinion of the majority was that the man was mad.

It was Justin himself who enlightened them. "*C'est la crise du tabac,*" he explained. "Not a pipe have I smoked for ten days, so I've joined up to get the military tobacco ration."

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson



CAMOUFLAGE À LA CARTE

RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR *(to Head Waiter)*: "That menu of yours is no good—put this one in its place"

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

A Visit to the Alpini

PASSED BY CENSOR

NO CAMOUFLAGE AGAINST NIGHTMARE

Herr Pickelhauber (Professor of frightfulness at Prague) now on the Italian Front, is greatly bothered by the constant recurrence of this dream

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

EDDIES of WAR

CAMOUFLAGE KATE. BY DELL LEIGH

I had met Kate O'Brien in three different places, but I did not realise they were curious or unexpected places until the final place arrived, and I thought it all over afterwards. My acquaintance with her dates back to the years of the peace (I forget when they were) when one hurried away from London about the twenty-seventh of July, and lived on one's richer friends, at their shoots or fishings, until the hunting began. I ran into Kate O'Brien in Cromarty, first of all, at Bertie Campbell's great rabbit-warren of a house. She was one of about twelve women, mostly the wives of the guns. But she stood out immediately the evening I arrived by reason of the fact that I have a keen sense of colour, and she wore a wine-colour dress, and was standing in the big hall against some dove-grey tapestry when I came down. I took her in to dinner, and I have a strong recollection of discussing the housing question with a woman who was much too clever for me. Succeeding nights followed big grouse drives, and I was too sleepy to take much interest in anyone, and confined myself to Bertie's priceless Coronas, and talked gun shop. Still, as I say, she stood out by reason of her clever face and artistry in dress. It is curious how some women slip across a man's vision, kaleidoscopically, from time to time. You are interested for a moment; the next you say to yourself: "Oh! I have seen this sort of thing before—and she has a hole in her stocking." Then you become bored, and turn away, as it were.

⁂ ⁂

Yet the next time I saw Kate O'Brien was in very different circumstances. And I really *was* interested then for quite twenty-four hours. It was at Portsmouth, in the spring of '14. I was down there on duty. I had invited a young cousin of mine, whose ship had just come in, to dine with me ashore, and he had beguiled me to a Cinema in a very low part of the town, because he said it was there one saw the real dramas, such as his soul loved. We came out of the foul atmosphere of the shilling stalls, sated with successive films of "A Woman's Wrong," or something equally boring, and strolled under a full moon towards the harbour. Outside a public-house a ragged woman importuned me to buy matches. The moon lit up her face. It was Kate O'Brien.

⁂ ⁂

I thought she had come dreadfully to grief and immediately turned back to make inquiries. She looked me full in the face and laughed coarsely when I asked questions. "Garn: you an' yer Kaite O'Brying!" she said, and I nearly fell down in amazement. But I wasn't going to be put off with palpable falsehoods, and said so.

Suddenly she resumed the normal voice of an educated woman and said earnestly: "Please go away. You remember discussing the housing problem once with me in Scotland? Well *I* am studying it now, at first hand: it's the only way! *Please* go away." She looked hurriedly up and down the street. "You are making it very difficult for me;" and as two sailors lurched towards us, she lapsed suddenly into "an' they're all 'ome grown, these 'ere matches, guv'nor, two boxes fer a penny, an' blimey it ain't 'arf cheap at the price; come on, catch 'old, an' 'and aht the brass ——". The crowd coming out of the pubs swallowed her, and my cousin Jim nearly lost the returning picket-boat, listening to me holding forth about her on the quayside. I felt sure she had lied to me. Whereas Jim said: "Why on earth should she? She's probably a freak who likes to do her slumming *au naturel*." He admitted she was a first-rate actress though, and then waved good-night to me as he stepped on to the launch.

⁂ ⁂

Well, in August we were plunged into this inhuman war, and all our lives were, so to speak, hurled to the ground face downwards. Three years passed (it seems like ten) and again I met Kate O'Brien. This time it was in Paris. The hall porter at the Westminster came and told me I was wanted at the telephone. I was drowsy after dinner, and swore bitterly. A woman's voice at the other end said: "I am Kate O'Brien speaking; I am at the Meurice; may I come and see you now immediately?" I said "of course"; and while I waited for this strange woman I remembered the past two occasions, and wondered in what guise she would present herself now? Presently she strolled in, quite self-possessed, and beautifully dressed. She sat down and said: "I am frightfully sorry, but I want £25, can you lend it me?" and laughed softly. Fortunately that presented no difficulty, as she well knew. She put the notes in a blue silk bag, and after she had smoked two of my cigarettes, she said: "Some explanation is due. Are you a discreet man? Yes, I think you are," and she studied my face narrowly while she asked. "You know me as Kate O'Brien. I have other names—several; one of them is "Camouflage Kate." She paused and looked hard at me. "Do you understand?"

I understood. "Then in Scotland, and in Portsmouth you were ——?"

"In Scotland, no; in Portsmouth, yes," she answered. "I was on duty there, in the most inexorable of all Services. The job I have just finished does not admit of cheque-books, and to-morrow, early, I begin another—hence my temporary need of yours."

"I didn't know women in your position served in this way," I replied somewhat lamely; you see I was very astonished and interested.

"That makes it all the easier—and safer," she answered, rising.

"*Au revoir, et merci infiniment: mais soyez discret, je vous en supplie, mon ami.*"

And her accent was the accent of a *Parisienne*.

Nature's Camouflage

AT EDINBURGH—
A sad experience on Arthur's Seat

Cupid's Camouflage

"For Heaven's sake, Ethel, play something else. You know I hate Wagner!"

The Bystander in Paris

CAMOUFLAGE, AND THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"M. the Editor of *The Bystander* has given me misery"

MES AMIS—

HOW Monsieur the Editor of THE BYSTANDER has given me misery. One day he write—oh, very polite!—"We will have a 'Camouflage Number.'" I puzzle, I wonder, I am desolated. How is it he can mean a "Camouflage Number"? It is a joke, I think, but he forget how difficult it is to understand the joke of another country.

*

EVERY day I write a letter during one week, and every day he write one to explain me the joke. But it is difficult your humour. And then one day it arrived: *"Bien, mon vieux! Mince decamouflage!"* It was a *poilu* in the Place Pigalle who told to his friend to look at the lady who passed.

*

"*Camouflée!*" She was more red and white than one may, and it was not very well that she appeared to have twenty years. I let a little laugh, quite out aloud, when I see, because my BYSTANDER explained himself so. The joke of the *poilu*, it is your joke, and when that arrives in the both armies it is the true alliance.

*

IT is not of the *camouflage* at the front that one must write. *Monsieur* the Censor would not wish it, but so much I would love to tell the stories of how the French artists have been clever to make Herr Fritz Boche scratch the fat head and believe that in the night the no-man's-land have been bewitched and that the snipers have grown like mushrooms. They make great fun with the *camouflage*, the *poilu* artists, so successful—but no, I must altogether defend myself to tell.

SINCE always, I think, Paris has been the home of the *camouflage* of which it is permitted to speak. But there was necessary a great war to make a word so delicate to describe how the lady of the Place Pigalle made herself to look one half the age she had.

*

IN England you do not so much admire now that fashion to make a little the complexion that we have in Paris. It is only three days that Lucile and I go to the concert where were many English officers and there was one who say: "Rotten lot of powder and rouge these French women use." And another, who have only twenty years and a so little moustache, say: "Awful, isn't it."

(*Continued on page 604*)

"Bien, mon vieux! Mince de camouflage!

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

IT was a good boy to say it was "awful," and I am sure that his sisters told him it is wicked to *camouflage* the little wrinkles with the powder of rice. But (it was very sad) when his friend did not look it was to a lady who very very *camouflée* that he made the soft glances.

⁂

I TOLD to my Uncle Gaston Paul that story and he was very cynical. "He was too young, your Englishman," he say, "to know that it was the *camouflage* which had made the attraction. The young men, my dear, always they prefer the shadow to the substance and do not know that they are wise. When they become of the middle age, unless they should be philosopher, they like better the realities, and so they are unhappy. It is in their old age—when, alas! they do not more enjoy—that they arrive to understand the value of the decoration of the lily, the more great importance of the shadow than of the fact."

⁂

I AM not very sure that I completely well understand, because he laugh at me a little sometimes, my uncle. But when I say: "*Et toi, mon oncle*—you prefer the shadow?" he reply: "One discusses generalities, *mademoiselle*, my niece."

⁂

BUT it is true, I think, of the Frenchman. He like better ladies who appear well than a beautiful girl with holes in her gloves and the shoes not nice. And I am very sure that he will find more agreeable a one *bien camouflée* than a Georges Sands or a saint who is not in the fashion.

⁂

AND *messieurs mes amis*, is it not, too, with you the same that you prefer what my uncle call "the shadow to the substance," though you say so very proper: "What silly high heels these *Parisiennes* wear. How they powder themselves the nose!"

THE solemn gentlemen, who make the *Académie* of the Medicine were very angry—it is some weeks—against the heels of the type Louis XV., which are the mode. They made many speeches and a vote that they were quite to the contrary of hygiene; but it is every day that they discover, these *messieurs*, what makes us bad to their profit.

"He made the soft glances"

⁂

IT will be other thing than to vote to prevent the *Parisiennes* to make this little *camouflage* of their shortness. These academicians are very foolish to talk so. They say—oh! so many arguments of every sort; but the Marquise de Créqui, who was mounted on heels of five inches, had, all the same, seventeen children.

⁂

IT was Madame de Lyrot who say one day, when her husband compliment her that she looked so young on her fiftieth *anniversaire*: "Her feet, monsieur, make the age of a woman and I still wear the heels of eight *centimètres*."

⁂

ONLY good people ever look very old, and I am sure it is because they despise to *camouflage* a little their figures. But one need not be very wicked, as the young officer pretended, though one powders the nose and forbids the little wrinkles or wears high heels and other things. It is Time, *messieurs*, who is our great enemy—more wicked even than the Boche—and one must take the precautions or he will arrive very quickly to destroy our little power.

"Heels of the type Louis XV."

⁂

MADAME DE LYROT was very wise. It is the shoe which makes the leg young—it is the—but the *camouflage* is a subject of delicacy. One may not speak of it at the front, and I remember how that I was once scolded because in England I spoke as one may in France of—but never mind.

⁂

IT is what I would do to make the rosy-cheeked officers of your army not so severe to criticise. Poor Mimi Pinson must sometimes make her roses before her glass and if she does it well, the *camouflage* of her oldness—*mes amis*, it is life!

Your friend, AGNÈS.

The Gentle Art of Camouflage

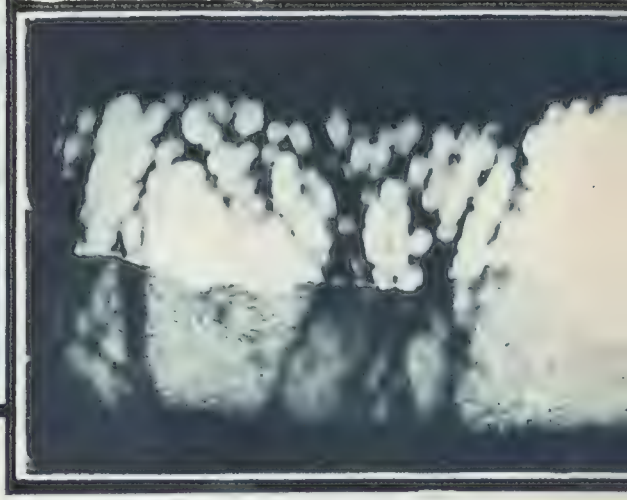
PREPARING FOR THE SPRING OFFENSIVE

THE ART OF

—AS IT IS PRACTISED

Official Photograph

Camouflaging a road on the Western Front by means of netting, so as to hide passing traffic from German telescopes



A gun-screen in Serbia, opening on to a view of a hill between the Ser

A tree-climber's uniform in black and white, adopted by American observers and snipers

French Official Photograph

Only just the muzzle of this big gun shows, protruding from the elabo eyes of aeropl

CAMOUFLAGE
BY THE FIGHTING MAN

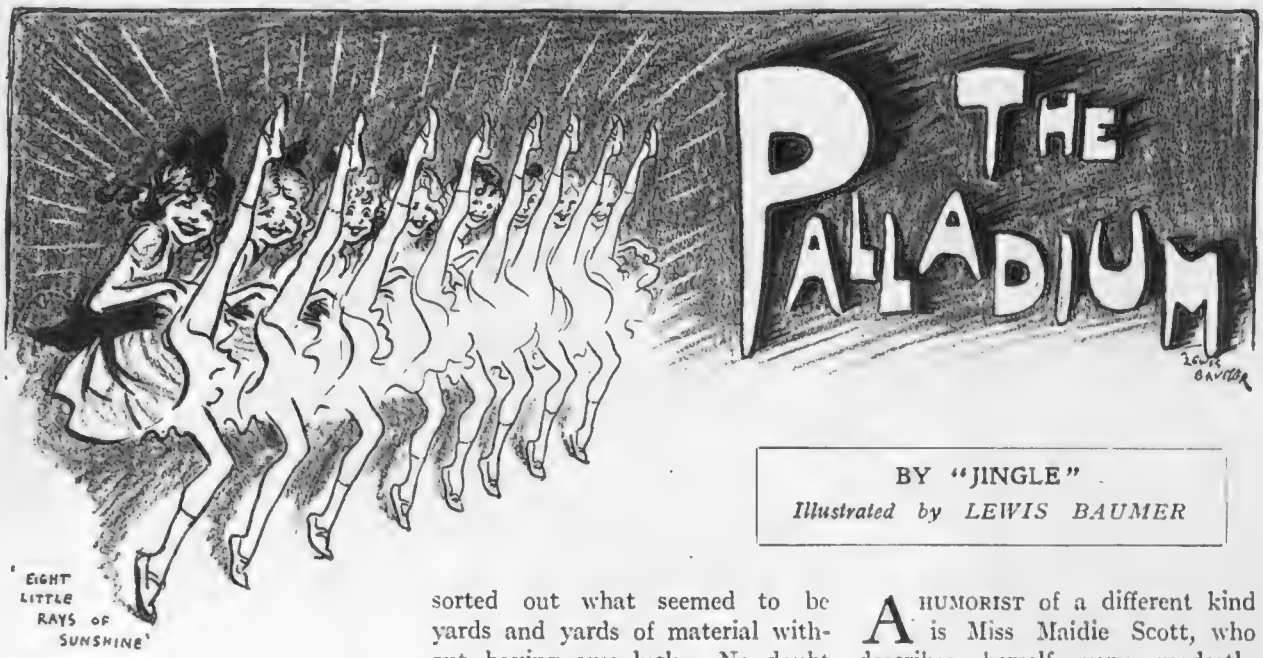
here some of the fiercest fighting of the war has taken place
ians and Bulgarians

Official Photograph

The cooks at work in the dip of a screened road near Ypres

rate screen of network and trees which shelters it from the prying
ane observers

To hide a trench from above, the Serbians stretch wire-netting across the top; this acts also as a useful bomb-bouncer



'EIGHT LITTLE RAYS OF SUNSHINE'

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THE popularity of the London Palladium is easily explained when you have once sampled the remarkable entertainment it supplies. On the night of our visit nearly every one of the performers was a well-known star; and those of them who may not yet have attained to the first magnitude are clearly on the high road thither. To begin with there was Little Tich, whose claim to top the bill at all times everywhere will be disputed by none. Little Tich is practically one of our British institutions, and he had a reception that many a rising politician would have been proud of. Indeed, the rising politician would probably have gone out and bought a fur-lined coat on the strength of it.

❋

LITTLE TICH'S leading feature is his amazing fertility in the matter of business to help his jokes along. Nobody can trip over the obstacle that isn't there so convincingly as he; and his little trick of hitting himself once too often with his cane always seems fresh and new. I do not like to think how many years it is since I first saw Tich as the Belle of the Ballet—but it was before the war started, anyway; and when in the midst of his serpentine dance he lost the end of his accordion-pleated skirt and had to sit down to look for it, the ladies shrieked with laughter as he desperately sorted out what seemed to be yards and yards of material without having any luck. No doubt the ladies saw more in this business than could possibly be apparent to an unsuspecting person like myself; though even to me the scene was extremely laughable.

MAIDIE SCOTT

A HUMORIST of a different kind is Miss Maidie Scott, who describes herself very modestly as "just a comedienne" when she is by way of being a great artist. She gives her songs with a quiet deliberation so that any little joke here or there may be helped out with face-play gesture to avoid any possible chance of its missing fire. One of her most successful songs was about the way the wind blew, as to which she would appear to be something of an authority. According to her statement, which I for one accept in all good faith, she met her husband for the first time in the Park. The wind was blowing briskly, and the young man was rather impressionable and—well, everybody knows what these fashionable short skirts will do in a lively breeze. The burden of her song is that if the wind had only blown the other way she might be single and independent still, instead of being one of the large army of suburban pram-pushers.

❋

BY way of a final encore, and also by desire, Miss Scott gave an old favourite song about the little bird that was on the hat of the very knowing flirt. The humour of the song consists in the comments of the little bird, every time the girl walks out with a different young man; and when one of her green and simple victims suggests the return of the diamond engagement ring, Maidie gives us clearly to understand in a bright little display of dumb show that

(*Continued on page 610*)

Of Course it's Camouflage !

Photograph *Fowlsham and Bamfield*

THE MYSTERIOUS "OLIVETTE"

Dancing the Diabolo Tarantella in the Third Act of "The Lilac Domino" at the Empire

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

there is nothing doing. Not likely! As the bird upon the hat said, it's a shame to take the money!

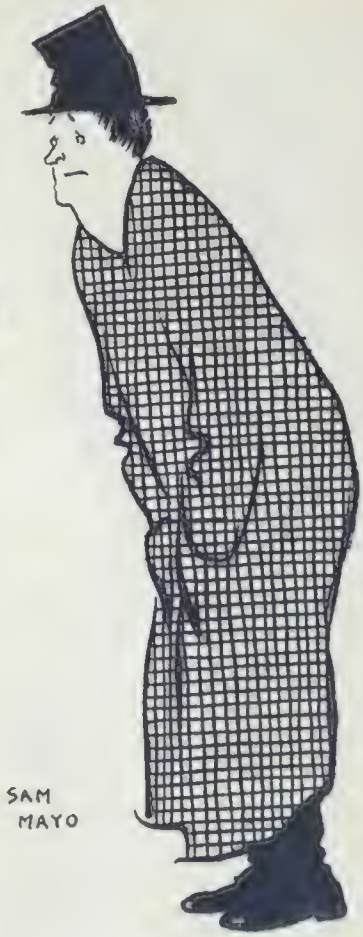
♔

An important item on the programme was a sketch by

Ernie Lotinga and Company consisting for the most part of sledge-hammer humour which kept the audience in a roar all the time. It's all right, of course, but sometimes one wonders a little whether there really is, as rumour whispers, a war on. At first sight it would not seem easy to make the job of tracking down a murderer the theme of a wildly farcical sketch; but that is what happens here. Mr. Lotinga is the life and soul of the piece, his special line being elaborate attempts to purloin a lady's jewel-case. His method is to press a chloroformed handkerchief over his victim's face until insensibility ensues; and every time he performs the feat in his inimitable way, the house fairly rocks with laughter. And when, as occasionally happens, in a moment of forgetfulness, he wipes his own face with the doped handkerchief, the laughter becomes almost hysterical, because he is reduced for a moment or two to a ridiculously fuddled state that is indicated with singular completeness. I have not often heard richer or more riotous mirth than that which greeted this very stirring sketch.

Then there was a remarkable acrobat named Schrenk who rushed on to the stage and dropped with a loud thud on the back of his neck as he turned half a dozen somersaults in succession. Some of his acrobatic feats were quite new to me. I should have thought them outside the limits of human possibility; but there they undeniably were. His concluding feat of keeping the audience in disquieting suspense while, seated on the top of a slender table about fifteen feet high, he rocks backwards and forwards and finally falls with the table on top of him is quite uncanny. His partner, a dainty little lady of the name of Percival, demonstrates most successfully that even a contortionist can be graceful about it if she knows how. Other well-known and distinguished names on the programme that evening were Wish Wynne, Max Darewski and the delightful twins, Beatie and Babs; but I seem to have come to the end of my space prematurely, and must, therefore, hope to meet these very interesting people again shortly.

JINGLE.



Camouflage in the Studio

FUTURIST ARTIST: "Is it possible in these enlightened days that you do not know to what school of painting that belongs?"

VISITOR: "Certainly I do!—The Camouflage School!"

Camou-Persi-flage

WITH his hoofs in Hessians and his tale in Wolff's Agency, his eyebrows turned down and his moustache turned up, Mephistopheles would pass anywhere for a "dear old Gott."

FERDINAND, the Coburger, visits his people, we understand, disguised as a Gotha. His nose dives, however, must give him away.

A FRIEND of ours, a vegetarian, is able to camouflage a parsnip so that it tastes like a meat card.

WHO is the "high naval authority" who, every now and then, makes a noise like a victory?

AN evening paper says that a canary, bombed in the raid, was found "still hoping and chirping." Quite like the Kaiser, eh?

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know how to make an annual stock-taking fire look like an Aurora Borealis.

THE rumour that a gentleman who camouflaged himself in a pair of war-time boots was arrested for pretending to be a police-officer has been contradicted.

THE Germans now maintain that they did not start the air-raids. We gather that the first Zepp. to visit us came on a peace mission. The bombs were merely camouflage.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE says he sees no reason why the war should not last several years. But some people never can be brought to see reason.

A CAMOUFLAGED traitor there's cause to suspect
In more than one light of the Pacifist sect.

A CAMOUFLAGED coward calls fighting a shame
"Conscientious Objector's" his favourite name).

A CAMOUFLAGED German is one who sees fit
To live here as "Smith" when his right name is "Schmidt."

A CAMOUFLAGED "ad." is what novelists seek
When as wise world-reformers they venture to speak.

A CAMOUFLAGED flirt *may* be found, you'll agree,
In the uniform neat of the fair "V.A.D."

A CAMOUFLAGED "ersatz" — much bread, litt'e meat —
Is the sausage you're thankful in war-time to eat.

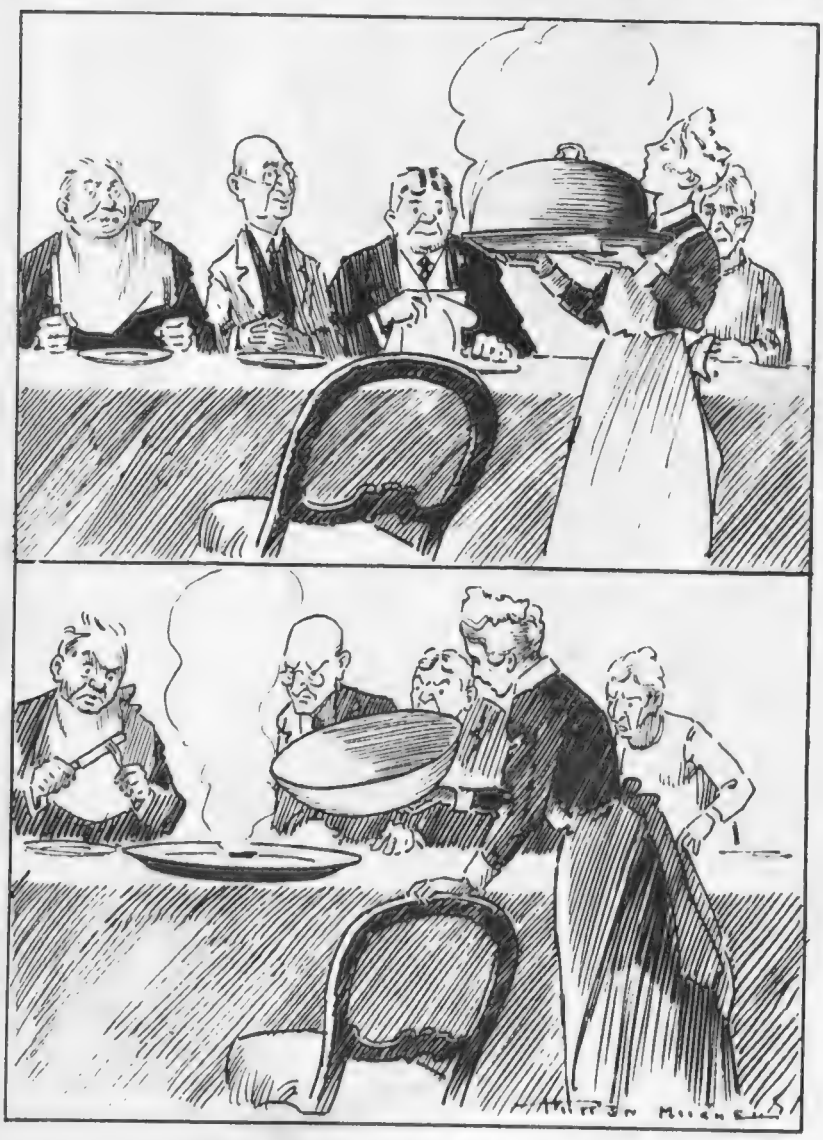
A CAMOUFLAGED ration of horse-flesh some day,
May arrive as "prime beef" on the butcher-boy's tray.

A CAMOUFLAGED compôte of turnip-made sham
May provide you a pot of "best strawberry jam."

A CAMOUFLAGED bandit you may have to fight
If you hail the first taxi that comes into sight.

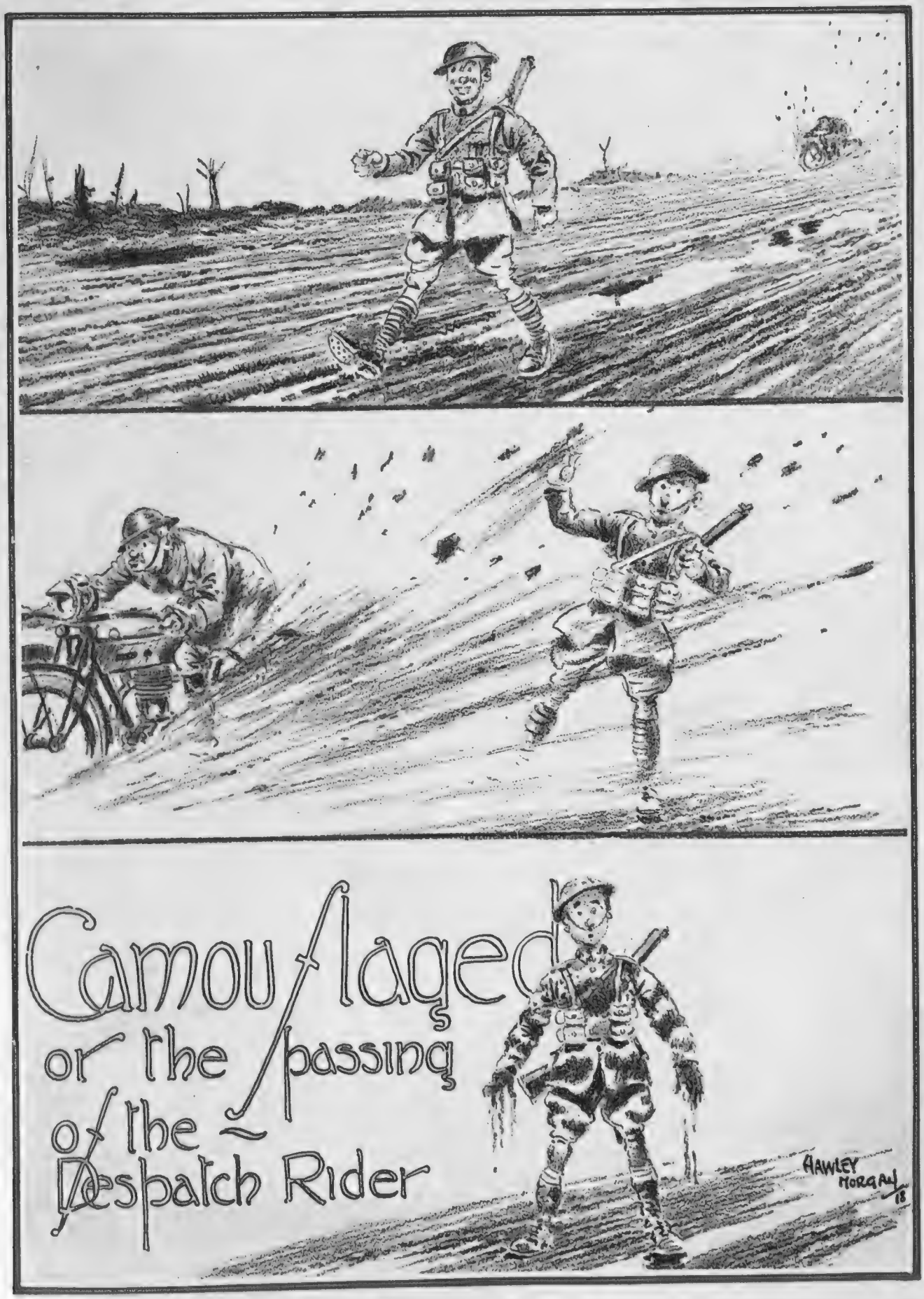
A CAMOUFLAGED liar's the man who gives out
He's left town "for his health" when there's moonlight about.

A CAMOUFLAGED foe who attacks from within
Is the white-livered grouser who says we can't win!



CAMOUFLAGE IN THE BOARDING-HOUSE

Our Involuntary Disguises



The Art of Artfulness

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

IF Shakespeare were alive to-day he would probably be writing to the papers to say that all the world's a camouflage, and all the men and women merely fakirs. Indeed, are there not some who claim that Shakespeare himself is merely camouflage for Bacon? The one trait we have left in common with the Hun, by the by, is our mutual respect for Shakespeare, who, if he had lived in Berlin in these lean days might have sung his swan-song on a camouflaged menu. As thus:

Poor, faithful Dobbin, dead and turned to steaks,
Might touch the spot where every Teuton aches.

⁂

CAMOUFLAGE is one of the oldest of human arts. It is older than the fascinating smile with which the prehistoric suitor fascinated the maiden of his choice until he could catch her unawares by a left-hander with his flint axe. The justly celebrated Wooden Horse of Troy was camouflage of the very best quality; and everybody knows how Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane and behaved in a violent and unruly manner towards the army of King Macbeth. I am not an authority on modern military methods, but I understand that camouflage is largely resorted to on the Western Front. When we have a battery that we want to place in a prominent position without being caught in the act by the enemy, all we have to do is to disguise it to make it look like an old umbrella, and the trick is done. It is just as easy as that.

⁂

As a simple matter of fact, camouflage is merely one of the favourite arts of peace applied to war. It has been given a French name, just as in a restaurant they print the menu in French in the trustful hope that you will never suspect you are being charged half-a-crown for a twopenny mash of vegetables with a yesterday's egg in it. I trust, by the way, that when retribution comes to the restaurant profiteer at long last, there will be no camouflage about it. He has earned his right to the real thing, and he ought to get it—in the neck.

⁂

THEY tell me that in many instances the manly chest of the middle-aged Adonis of Bond Street to-day is camouflage of the cheapest kind, and is removed at bed-time with the garment to which it is very securely fastened for fear it should slip down while in use and give the wearer an appearance of prosperity out of all keeping with the austerity of the time in which we live. And everybody knows what a fine piece of practical camouflage was represented by the well-brushed topper of peace days. In an Alpine hat or a golf cap you could make no headway at all; but in a shiny silk hat you could stalk your victim and touch him for a fiver before he was properly aware that hostilities had begun.

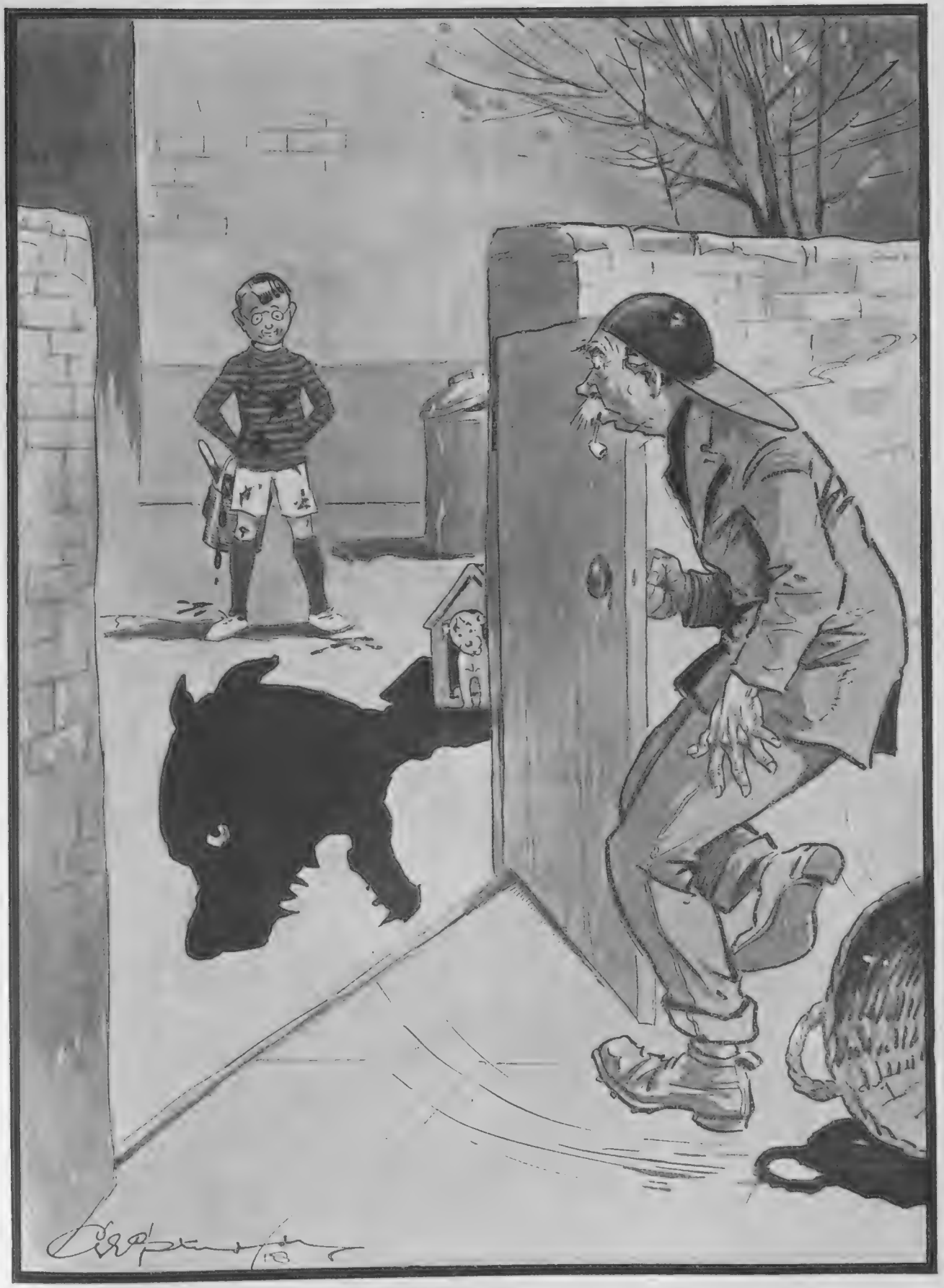
THE KAISER TRIES CAMOUFLAGE

OF course, if you are going to drag the ladies into this camouflage argument I don't quite see where you are going to stop. We may almost say of camouflage, as Byron said of love, that while it is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence. (Oh, yes, it is!) Only the other day some horrid person, discussing this new decree against the wearing of high boots declared that one more of our sweet illusions had thereby gone by the board. According to this authority the high boot, tightly and remorselessly laced, will give almost any woman a shapely ankle. Whereas, now that some of them are obliged to wear a low shoe, it is to be observed that the shapely ankle has a way of slopping over the sides. I really don't know what ought to be done to an abandoned person who gives away trade secrets in this reckless manner; but it must be admitted that he is an unusually keen observer.

⁂

AMONG men the use of camouflage in social relationships is pretty general and fairly successful. It saves so much trouble if you greet a tiresome caller with a smiling face and every outward sign of boundless joy. So much better than expressing your real sentiments and telling him abruptly that if he doesn't go away you will have him bitten by the housedog. The ladies among themselves are, perhaps, hardly so successful. They can get off the mark all right, but so few of them seem to be able to stay the course. The result is that after an outburst of ecstatic delight at such an unexpected meeting, Mrs. Brown will pause to admire Mrs. Smith's new fur, and will ask, with guileless curiosity, how she is going to explain it away to her husband when he comes back home. At this stage of the proceedings camouflage is usually dispensed with and there is an outbreak of truth which in quantity and quality might even satisfy jesting Pilate himself.

"Cave Canem" Camouflage



Why the dustman hasn't called since Tommy Jones got the camouflage fever

"Honi Soit . . "

By MAURICE DRAKE

THE C.O., 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion, The One-and-Only Regiment, frowned at the dirty half-sheet of paper till his pince-nez fell off. Then he cleared his throat with the "Grrumph!" his subalterns knew so well, and looked sideways at the Adjutant. The Adjutant went on writing urgent messages on buff slips.

The C.O. said "Grrumph!" again. The Adjutant threw a cigarette-end into the fireplace, lit another cigarette, and commenced another buff slip.

The C.O. tried another "Grrumph!" Then he remembered that perhaps the Adjutant was busy, and condescended to more direct methods.

"What do you make of this?" he demanded, holding out the paper.

The Adjutant removed his cigarette, laid down his pen, blotted the buff slip and took the paper all in one sweeping circular movement. On the familiar mess note-paper of the One-and-Onlies—it was written in big block letters—he read:

> MY DEAREST KID,
>
> Aren't these demands for money becoming a bit frequent these days? You really must remember I am trying to live on my pay.
>
> Here is the sum you want, but not even for you will I draw a cheque for the amount. No doubt Kitty's fur coat is all you say it is, and I wish you could have one like it, darling, but you see that's impossible.
>
> I am living for my next leave, when I shall see you again. Try to be good till then.
>
> Your ever loving . . .

The signature, a short word of perhaps three letters, was smudged and undecipherable.

"What do you make of that?"

"Sir?"

"What do you make of that?"

"Where did it come from?"

"Sent here by Intelligence for remarks and if possible an explanation. Found blowing about in the street in Blankshot. What do you make of it?"

"Looks like a letter from somebody to his girl."

The C.O. snorted. "Obviously. I could have deduced that much myself. Is it one of our people?"

"Can't say, sir. It's on our note-paper."

"That much also I could have deduced for myself. Disgraceful! Don't know what the Army's coming to these days. Fellow doesn't mind using regimental note-paper for writing to a woman he won't trust with his own hand-writing on either a cheque or a letter!"

The Adjutant went on writing buff slips. The C.O., after three more "Grrumphs!" wrote a slow, cautious note of inquiry to his brother C.O. of the 1st Battalion, The One-and-Onlies, attached it to the dirty half-sheet of paper, and sent it to the B.E.F., France.

The C.O., 1st Battalion, The One-and-Onlies, returned it in ten days with a note to say he was unable to identify the writer.

The C.O., 3rd Battalion, wrote another note, and sent the slightly dirtier half-sheet to the C.O. of the 2nd Battalion at Salonica.

But before the letter went, the Adjutant took the half-sheet into the mess and asked if anybody there knew anything about it, for he saw a long correspondence sticking out a mile, and he didn't like those fat bundles of numbered sheets, with "Please refer back to minute VII." or "See mine of the 18th ult., para. 2," written all over them.

To his questions the four O's. C. Companies said he was a dear old thing, with a kind face, but that if he worried so about his subalterns he would forget to air his bed-socks, and take cold and be irritable. The subalterns were as rude as subalterns dare to be to Adjutants, and didn't see how they could help. The Padre was very interested, beamed through his glasses, and said he thought the letter was from a loving father to an extravagant daughter, and so did the Signalling Officer, who was a Presbyterian in civil life, and liked to think the best of everybody. But the Adjutant told the Bombing Officer he considered they were a pair of blithering asses, and sealed the letter and sent it to Salonica.

The C.O., 2nd Battalion, The One-and-Onlies, sent it back in twenty-nine days, with a note to say he could not identify the writer.

The C.O., 3rd Battalion wrote a third note, and sent it with the now really dirty half-sheet to C.O. of the 4th (T.F.) Battalion in Messpot.

Who sent it back inside of seven weeks (having a bit of luck with a boat) with a chit to say he didn't think the writer could belong to his unit.

So the C.O., 3rd Battalion, sent it to his brother C.O., 5th Battalion (also T.F.), in Palestine, and asked could he identify the sender, please?

Which he said he couldn't. In thirty-two days.

Then the C.O., the 3rd Battalion, who was really getting keen on the job by this time, told the Orderly Room Sergeant to get the inquiry jellygraphed, for he prided himself on being a man with American snap and go, and not one of your early Victorian survivals. And he knew there were a large number of these New Army battalions in the regiment.

And the first jellygraphed copy went with the ragged and dirty half-sheet to the C.O. of the 6th (S.) Battalion in France.

Who sent it back with a rude note demanding whether the C.O., 3rd Battalion, thought the people in K (1) were a pack of qualified militiamen.

So the C.O., 3rd Battalion, now more in sorrow than in anger, sent it to the C.O., the 7th (also S.) Battalion in Italy, and asked, more cautiously, if he had any person in his unit who could have done such a thing.

And the C.O., the 7th Battalion, said he would be glad to oblige his brother commanding officer in any way, but really he was too busy at the moment, what with all these Alps and things.

Then the C.O., the 3rd Battalion, bethought himself of the former 8th Battalion (now the 197th Training Reserve), and having cleaned up what was left of the dirty and ragged half-sheet (which didn't improve it, because it was in pencil in the first place, and he

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(continued on page 618)

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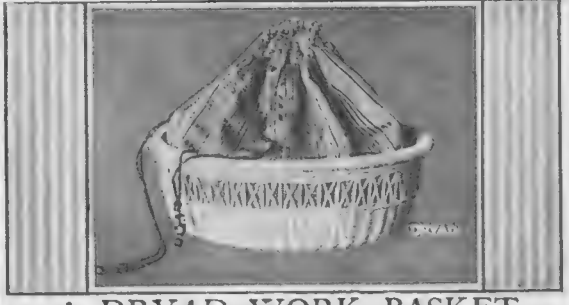

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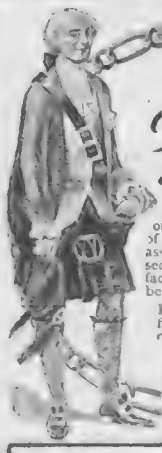

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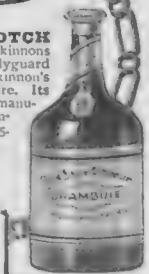

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"HONI SOIT . . ." (*concluded*)

used a hard piece of india-rubber) he sent it to his brother C.O. of that unit and asked if any of his officers were entangled in any way?

And his brother C.O. (who had been a corporal under him early in the war) got a bit of his own back by saying he had enough to do minding his own business.

So the C.O., the 3rd Battalion (who was really a dear old soldier, and worried to think that a dishonourable skunk was hiding away in one of the battalions of The One-and-Only Regiment) stuck the pieces of the dirty half-sheet together with stamp-edging, and sent it to the C.O.'s of the 9th, 10th, and 11th (all S.) Battalions of the regiment.

And they all said the same thing.

Then he tried it on the 2nd/4th (T.F. Reserve) Battalion, and the 3rd/4th, and the 2nd/5th, and the 3rd/5th (also T. F. R.) Battalions, and the 12th (Pioneers) who mounted the pieces very nicely on tracing cloth, and the 13th (Garrison), and the 14th (Labour), and the 15th (Home Service) Battalions, with the same result, except that the C.O. the 2nd/5th Battalion said it was a disgracefully got out return, so far as he could make it out, but he was glad to see Kitchener's mob were learning to put their place-names in block letters as directed in the F.S. pocket-book; and the C.O., the 14th (Labour) said that he thought the worst of one of his subalterns, and if the C.O., the 3rd Battalion would wait a post or two, till the fellow came back from mending roads at Poelcapelle he had no doubt he could catch him unawares. But the subaltern got the Military Cross, and then his C.O. said he was only joking; and, anyway, it was a dirty bird that fouled its own nest.

So that was that, as they say in the Army.

And finally the C.O., the 3rd Battalion, made up his mind to return the half-sheet to Intelligence with a business-like chit to say he could give no information as to its origin.

And the Assistant Intelligence Officer called with it in his hand, quivering with excitement and trying to look like Sherlock Holmes, to ask where it had been found, and by whom? Because it was evidently a German cipher which some enemy agent, in danger of being taken by Intelligence sleuth-hounds, had endeavoured to destroy by eating it.

The C.O. being out, the Adjutant told him what he thought of the Intelligence Department; and did it very well, because he had tried to get into it himself and they wouldn't have him.

And it would have remained an unsolved mystery to this day if the Transport Officer hadn't looked into the Orderly Room for a light. The Adjutant looked up as he entered.

"What a life!" he said. "Jimmy, do you ever do such a blame fool thing as writing letters in block capitals, by any chance?"

"Sometimes," said the T.O. As a matter of fact, I wrote one yesterday."

"I suppose you didn't refuse to send the lady a cheque, did you?"

"Mmph, Mmph," said the T.O. to his pipe. "Rum you should ask that. As a matter of fact, I did actually do that very thing a few months ago."

"Did you refuse her a fur coat at the same time?" asked the Adjutant.

"That's exactly what I did do, Sherlock. You'll get that Intelligence job yet, if you keep on trying."

"Seriously, you did refuse her a fur coat?"

"I'm absolutely serious."

"Then I believe you're the bloke the Old Man's looking for. You'd better ask for a Board and try and go foreign. Somewhere well away. You're too bad a fellow for us, me lad."

The T.O., having got his pipe well under way, asked questions. When he had assimilated the answers, "Why on earth didn't you come to me at first?" he demanded. "Of course I wrote the fool of a thing. I wrote it in answer to this." He fumbled in his pocket, and produced a chain bit, a whip-lash, some samples of fodder, and a bundle of letters tied up with string. Searching through them he produced one and laid it before the Adjutant.

Written in blue pencil in large large un-formed script he read:—

DERE DADDY,

i have goT a blu pensel to rite witH

we have got a bluw pershan kiTTy. she has got a nice fir cote. i shood like a fir cote. plese send me a chek like you do mum for tupense 2 pense to buy kiTTy a blu riba riben.

with luv jen JEAN.

The C.O., 3rd Battalion, The One-and-Onlies, in mellow moments, just after the port has gone round twice, may go so far as to admit that perhaps the Army may not have gone to the dogs yet. "But it's bound to get there in the end. Married junior officers! Grrumph!" MAURICE DRAKE

Official Photograph

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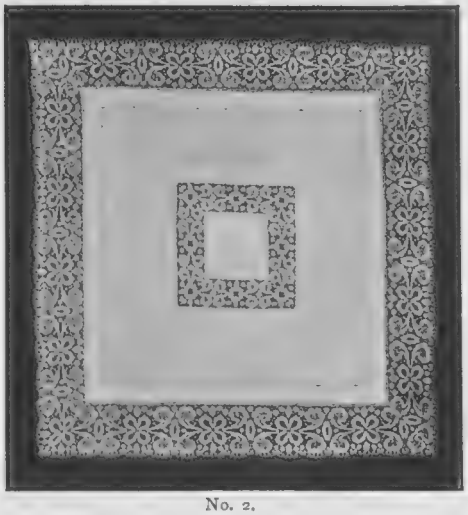

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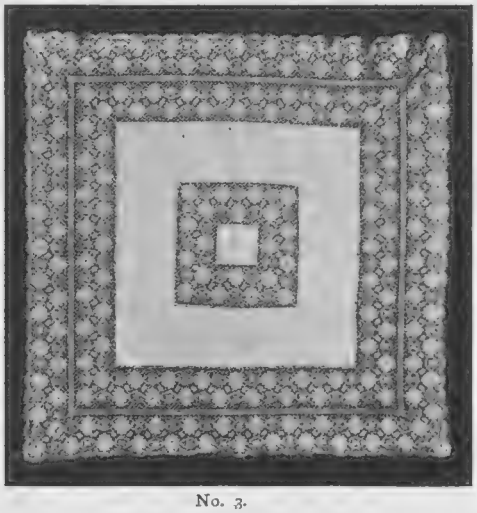

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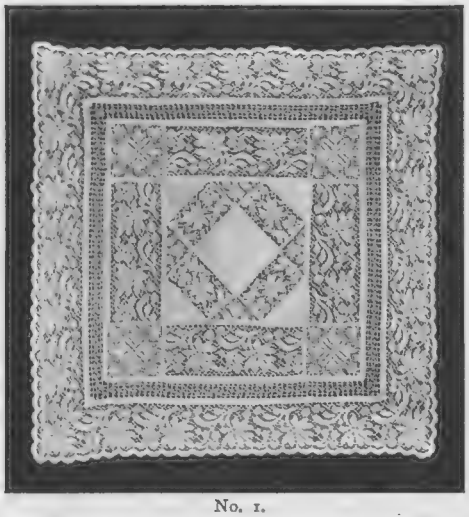

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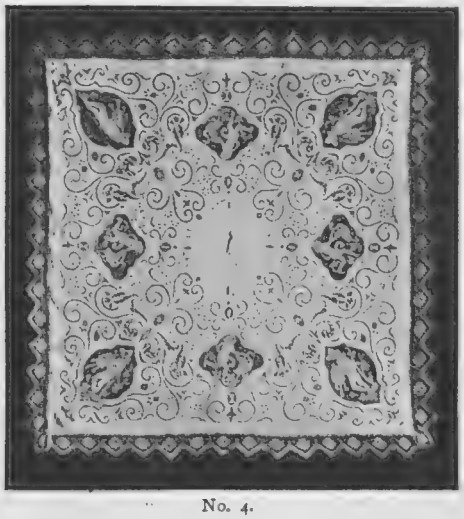

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Books of the Week

The Foreign Legion

Capt. Percival Wren's work loses none of its virility. His latest book, *Stepsons of France* (Murray: 5s. net.), as its title suggests, concerns itself with that famous Foreign Legion of France of which he told us in *The Wages of Virtue*. Good old Jean Boule, once a British baronet, 'Erbiggin, splendidest of Cockneys, the Bucking Broncho, and the execrable Sergeant-Major, nick-named the Suicide-maker—all make a welcome re-appearance. And the stories themselves are extraordinarily thrilling—sometimes uncomfortably thrilling. You wonder how men can stand the awful horrors which an African life in the Legion brings in its trail. Indeed, in one of the stories, even the Bucking Broncho, usually endowed with the coolness of his nation, shows signs of going "on pump"—you must find out what that means for yourself—and it needs one of Jean Boule's best stories to keep him steady. The Legion is surrounded by horrors, but the horrors succeed in bringing out the finest qualities of manhood (as well as the worst) and Captain Wren makes the most of his unusual material.

❀ ❀

The American Stage

It is curious how like each other stories of the stage continue to be. Marion Hill's new novel *The Toll of the Road* (Long: 6s. net.) tells of a young American girl engaged to a "nice" American boy. For the sake of the dollars which they will both require when the house the boy is building is ready for them, she leaves her staid little township and goes "on the road." Her manager is one of those magnificently handsome men, with "flashing" and "magnetic" eyes, and a habit of becoming sulky when the limelight is turned away from his noble brow. You might think that she would have had enough of it after her first tour, especially as she has learnt that the beautiful manager is a little unconventional in the number of his wives, but apparently the flashing eyes are too much for her, and you bid her good-bye as she is being whisked off again to the meretricious delights of the New York stage. Not a particularly engrossing story.

❀ ❀

"The Lyndwood Affair"

The Lyndwood Affair (Hutchinson: 6s. net.) by Una L. Silberrad, is not quite a mystery, although a husband and wife die almost at the same moment in different places, and although there is not only a professional detective on the job, but also the unofficial Holmes—in this case a Mr. Starkwedder—to clear up the general uncertainty of things. Miss Silberrad has not woven a sort of Le Queux triangle with a view to unravelling it in the last chapter, but she has evolved a readable story. It is never particularly exciting, but you admire the shrewd little touches with which the writer always embroiders her work. R. S.

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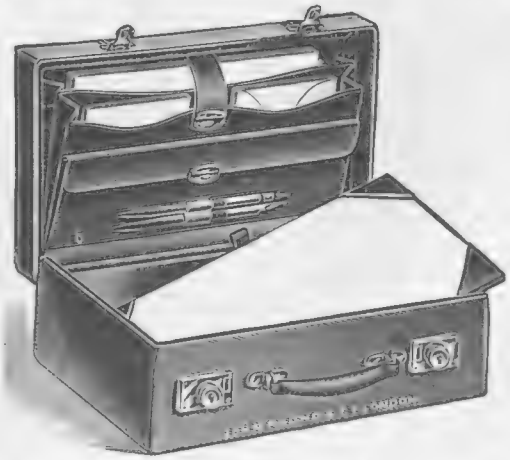

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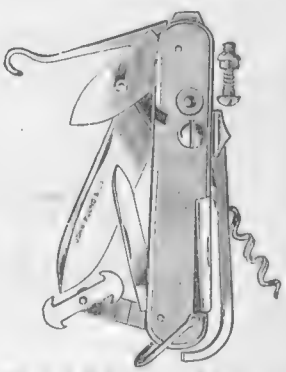

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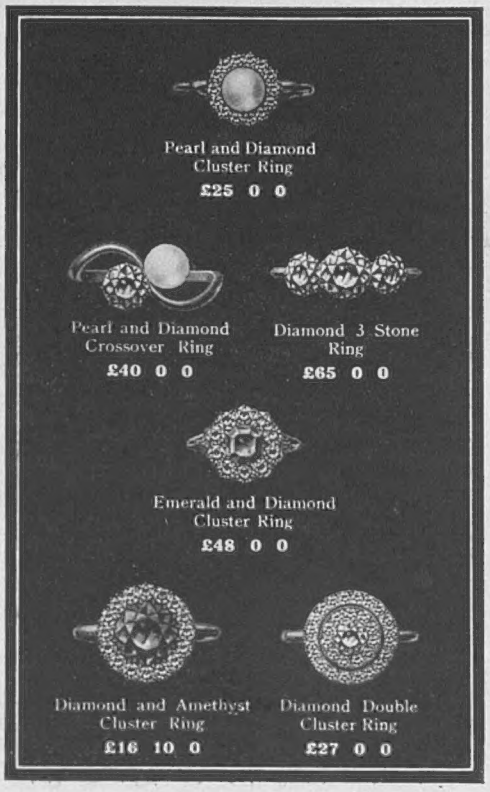

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Car Camouflage

Official Photograph

A scene on the road during an advance on the Western front. The highly-artistically camouflaged car, however, would appear unlikely to take any further part in the push

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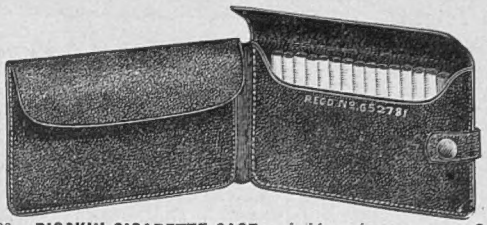

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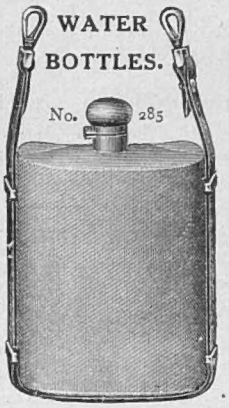

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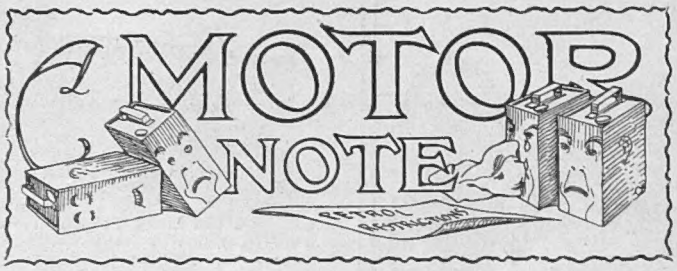

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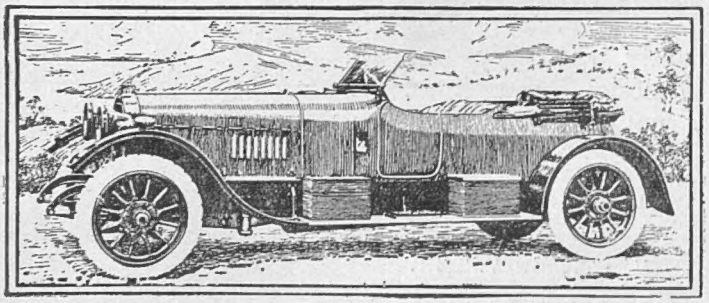

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